

Still Here by [gala_apples](#)

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Summary:

It might be the end of the world, but Nancy's going to focus on what she does have.

Still Here

Author's Note:

- For [reeby10](#).

Any minute now this happy group is going to break up. Nancy can see it in her mind's eye. If they're good people at core, they'll do something meaningful. Max might create an elaborate and oddly beautiful skateboard routine. Mike might make Eleven a four course meal of things she's never had the opportunity to taste before. But if they're not..well. It's easy to imagine Hopper using his old police records to find unfair dismissals of cases and getting some vigilante justice in. Or Steve leaving to tell Tommy and Carol and Billy and all the other popular assholes exactly why they're piles of crap who deserve what's coming.

For her part, Nancy sort of wants to get very very drunk, let the Nancy who doesn't care about consequences take over. Hammered-Nancy's no more likely to take the end well, but at least Nancy as she is won't have to see the end. It would be a bullshit decision though. She had her chance. At the very beginning Owens said he could get them out, take them to an undisclosed location. Nancy can only imagine that means some sort of military grade bunker. Who knows who they might have been alongside with; the president, or a Nobel Prize winner. Maybe even some communist Russians, the other country's version of the idiots who opened the upside-down for the victory of the Cold War. Everyone said no. Not by a majority decision, each of them said no. Nancy said no. It isn't that they want to die. Despair over failing Barb or no, Nancy doesn't want to die. It's just, as much as every person has a narcissism complex, no one's ego is truly that big. Who can say *yes, I am more important than five billion people. Let every single one of them die, except me.*? Nancy can't.

Running wasn't an option, not when what was left of Hawkins lab would only take those who had first hand experience with the upside-down, not any family members. They kept trying. They did. But effort only counts for so much. The kids last idea ran dry, Kali's last morally ambiguous contact said their end had nothing, and they've been sitting in the living room in silence, but any second now they'll break

apart and find their own truth. Be their own Saint Peter. Death row Catholicism, it's a great thing.

“Fuck it.”

Anyone would expect it from Dustin, Hopper, Max. The dirty mouthed of the group. Ms Byers doesn't swear, and she's tried to press that upon anyone who spends any length of time in her house. That's why it's a surprise to hear it from Jonathan. It's enough to break Nancy's thought cycle and make her look over, and a good thing too, because Jonathan is kissing Steve.

And oh God, this is a cloth satchel that she never thought would come undone. They've all seen it, none of them ready to unwrap it. The price on a gift like this is too high. Except this is a no-interest deal. The world is ending. It's ending now. Each breath they take is another ten miles the portal widens. There's no time for future payment. And Jonathan, *Jonathan* of all people, is pulling on the knot and letting every bit and piece fall out of the wrapping. Nancy would have guessed herself.

“Jonathan!” Ms Byers gasps.

Nancy's half waiting for Steve to slug him. Instead he says flatly, “we shouldn't do this here.”

Nancy can't help but agree. This might corrupt the kids. That doesn't mean she thinks it shouldn't happen.

“Let's go to Jonathan's room, okay?”

Ms Byers is looking at her in shock now, not just her son. Maybe Ms Byers thinks she's a, she's a *harlot* or something, for encouraging this. Nancy can't bring herself to care. She wants this, and her life has been full of things she's been refused. This last thing, she's taking it for everything she's owed.

And Steve is looking at her too. It's a very different kind of expression though. He seems teetering between surprise and anxiety.

“I'm going now,” Lucas announces, breaking the tension. Everyone turns to look at him, Max and Dustin particularly intent on what he's

saying. “I want to be with my sister, and my mom and dad.”

“I want to see Mom, and Mews,” Dustin immediately agrees.

“My bike is still at the mineshaft, but I can ride on someone’s handlebars?” Max asks.

“No kids,” Ms Byers speaks up. “I’ll drive you all.”

As Eleven, Hopper and Mike start having an argument about if Mike has to go home, or if he can stay with them, Nancy nods her head towards the hallway.

She waits for them to enter Jonathan’s bedroom before going in herself. She pulls the door shut as tight as she can and locks it. When she turns around to face them they’re both standing still as statues. Like Michaelangelo carved them, and then covered them in wool and denim. Whatever nihilistic push got Jonathan to make a move has faded away. He doesn’t look like he’d as much as twitch unless he was paid. And Steve’s just radiating tension in waves.

“Come on, do it. Make out again.” Nancy says. It’s almost a jib. She doesn’t want to have to dare them, that seems like making it more frivolous than it should be, but she will if she has to.

They still don’t make a move. Well too fucking bad for them that they’re scared. Nancy’s not having it. She didn’t care that she was scared when she went into the Upside Down to find Barb. She didn’t care that she was scared when she bought weapons and decided to fight. She didn’t care that she was scared when she built a plan to blackmail a department of the government. If she’s been brave for three years straight they can manage it this one time.

“Come *on*, what are you waiting for? Everyone in this house knows we all feel things for each other. Just because it’s wrong doesn’t mean it’s not true.”

That, finally, seems to be enough to pull the cord of their puppet bodies to get their limbs to jump and move. Steve grabs Jonathan by both shoulders and mashes his face against the shorter boy’s face. Jonathan’s fingers are balled, Nancy can tell how nervous he is, but

he doesn't push Steve away. For his part, Steve is riding on a wave of hubris. Nancy has no doubt he's thinking something like *a kiss is just a kiss, I can turn on all the girls at school, why not a boy?*, something cocky and stupid to cover up how his dad would crucify him if he saw this.

When they break apart, they're both practically vibrating with tension. The facade of happy monogamy might be broken, but the shards shattered and ground under their feet don't necessarily make a path to a better land. Lucky for both of them, Nancy's the kind of girl to make shit happen. She might have the nervous tick of fiddling with her delicate gold necklace, but she makes the few steps to them without hesitation.

She goes for Jonathan first, because isn't that how this all started, an attraction to him that Steve had to pretend to be furious about? The buttons of his denim jacket dig into her when she presses against him for her own kiss, but after a minute his fingers switch from fists to curled around her lower back, pulling her in closer. Nancy takes it as the improvement it is, and continues to lick the inside of his mouth. She can feel the intense stare from Steve, and wonders who exactly he's watching more. Does he want to be Jonathan, making out once more with his on-again off-again girlfriend? Or does he want to be Nancy, all the best parts of their bodies pressed together -lips, chests, groins, legs- instead of the A-shaped connection he got?

Her mouth is thoroughly wet, her breath a little faster when she steps back from Jonathan and turns to Steve. She leans up for a kiss, expecting him to lean down to meet her. Instead he stays where he is, and asks her a one word question that has thousands of words behind it. "Really?"

This could be a huge moment of backing down. She's been slut-shamed a hundred times, literally had it written on the cinema sign. Not this time. Nancy feels a strange sense of confidence, probably the same sort of nihilism that got Jonathan to throw himself presumably futilely at Steve. She's not going to let Steve's smart-ass doubt ruin their last chance for this.

"What did you think was going to happen? That I was just going to watch you two fool around? That it was about sharing you? I love

you Steve, but it's not. It's about you, and Jonathan, and me. And how we all want all sides of this stupid triangle, and who cares about why it's wrong. Can you really say it matters anymore, if Jonathan fucks you and you fuck me all in a row, like a goddamn train?"

Steve is staring at her wide-eyed, a deer in the headlights. Nancy prepares to rant another lungs' worth, but Jonathan steps in. Not the first time Jonathan's been good back-up, it's kind of unfair to him how it always comes as such a surprise to her.

"The kids are all doing what they want now. I bet Mom and Hopper are drinking wine, and Will is drawing and eating cookies with Mike and Eleven. Everyone else that knows is doing what they want. Why can't we finally, *finally* get what we want?"

"Jesus Christ." Steve runs a hand through his big, beautifully sculpted hair, Farah Fawcett strength starting to wear out after a full day's worth of running around trying to save the world. "Jesus Christ, okay."

And he kisses her, like he's supposed to. It would be an exaggeration to say it's their best kiss ever. It's hard to be one hundred percent focused when Jonathan's just reminded them of why they're doing this. Not that Nancy can blame him for having it on his mind, and she does appreciate him bringing it up in a supportive-to-her-argument kind of way. Better than bursting into tears. Anyway, Steve tastes like the grape soda he pulled out of the Byers fridge when they first arrived, and Nancy will never get over how enthusiastic his kisses are. There's a reason he always has a girl on his arm when they're in an off-again stage. Nancy shoves her tongue against his and revels in the energy he seems to be pouring into her. She could do this for hours.

Could, but she won't. There might be better things on offer than just making out, back and forth between them. Nancy was being hyperbolic, a bit, dropping the idea of a fuck-train, but really, why not? Or there could be blowjobs, or other kinds of touching. At the very least, she could be naked right now.

And you know what? If she's going to die she might as well get what she wants. No, not wants. Wants is for things like chocolate cake and

your basketball team to win by thirty points. Wants are things you can talk your grandma about. If Nancy is going to die she's going to get what she craves. What she desires. What features in the number one spot in her masturbatory fantasy list.

“Who wants to fist me?”

Rationally Nancy should want Jonathan to volunteer. Steve has massive hands. Speaking with her cunt, Nancy wants Steve. Hell, she wants them to both do it at the same time. Whenever she jerks off about it it's always impossibly large. Laughingly, sickening large. Nancy isn't stupid, she knows that's weird. That's why she's only ever jerked off about it. No boyfriend would have ever been into it anyway. But they've got hours until the end of existence, so what the fuck does it matter now if she embarrasses herself asking?

“Holy *shit* Nancy, are you serious?” Steve exclaims. Of course he's the loud reactor. Jonathan is just staring at her, but it's who they are; Jonathan withdrawn, Steve an extrovert at all times.

“I'll be dead tomorrow. Why would I not mean what I say?”

“Fuck, talk about going out with a bang. I definitely would have pegged kissing a man as the wildest thing to happen to me. The world should end more often.”

She's not sure Jonathan is okay with all the smart aleck remarks during an apocalypse, but in the years since Barb's death she and Steve have been more sarcasm than genuine speech. It hurts less that way.

“Which... uh... which person were you thinking about?” Jonathan stammers.

A bubble of laughter bursts out of Nancy. “I've thought about you both, half the boys in school, Mr Engels-”

“The physics teacher?”

“Hell, even Barb. It's kind of a thing of mine.”

“Jesus,” Steve says, awe in his voice in the way only a teen boy can

have when faced with a porno magazine.

“What do you say, boys?”

Jonathan shrugs, one of the braver gestures she’s seen. “It’s this or listening to records until we get devoured, and I don’t want to be alone.”

“There’s less than a night left, who cares now if I’m the kinkiest fag in town?” Steve asks.

It’s not the nicest way to move forward, but it’s not like she doesn’t get it. Nancy can’t imagine how much shit Steve would get if someone saw him touching a boy on a day in which the world wasn’t about to end. It’s not like they live in New York. There’s a reason nothing ever happened before.

No. No, she doesn’t want to think about her day to day life anymore. It’s gone now, and god, who would have thought she’d have nostalgia for studying constantly and her stupid dismissive father? But it’s not the time, now. Nancy starts stripping off, matter-of-factly. Her dress drops to the floor, a pile of light pink in the middle of Jonathan’s dark turquoise carpeting.

“You should too,” Nancy says. What she wants can be done with only her getting naked, but there will be more fun afterwards if they’re both naked too. She’s sucked Steve’s dick dozens of times, but she’s never been beside a mirror while doing it. She wants to see what Jonathan looks like doing what she’s done.

Jonathan is the first to follow orders. It doesn’t surprise her that for all his talk of fuck the world anti socialism, he listens to the first girl who talks to him nicely. He mostly pulls off his denim jacket, and lets the weight slide it the rest of the way off his left arm. His band shirt is so thin from being washed for a decade -he was the first little punk in Hawkins Elementary- that Nancy can see his nipples. And then that’s off too, and Steve is looking at his bare chest like he no doubt refused to let himself look at any guy in a change room. Like he wants to suck hickeys into Jonathan’s skin, maybe enough to draw out an S to truly mark him.

If Jonathan is the first, Steve is the faster. Something just snaps in his brain, in a good way, like dull glow stick turning into a pretty beam of light. He goes from anxious and reluctant to getting undressed as quickly as he can, going as far as to hop on one foot with his jeans and underwear at his ankles so he can pull his sneaker off.

Jonathan watches him as much as he watched her, and Nancy knows they're both up for this. They've finally declared it okay to not feel shame about the years of unconscious flirting.

On the way to the bed she kicks the boys discarded clothing in front of the door. Hopefully it'll block any sound from coming out. Ms Byers and Hopper should be driving everyone home to say goodbye to their parents anyway. It's the last night of her life, why should she have to care if she makes noises having sex with the only two boys she's ever loved?

She reclines onto the mattress. It's a mess of unmade, mismatched flannel sheets. Her mom would hate it. Jonathan swings around the side of the room and puts a record on. Nancy doesn't recognise the band, it's not really her musical taste, but she's not going to complain about it. It's unlikely he'd have anything different anyway. He doesn't seem like he's ever listened to Duran Duran. Madonna would probably make his ears bleed.

"But still, how do we decide?" Jonathan asks again.

Nancy's struggling with an answer that doesn't pick sides when Steve says "I think we should take turns."

"That uh, that sounds good," he says.

"Nancy?"

"Okay." She's not exactly sure what taking turns means, but tonight is not the night to quibble.

They lay down on either side of her and by some unspoken consensus, Steve dives right into making out with her while Jonathan's hand flutters up her thigh. A single finger enters her. It's not at all what Nancy wants, but she's barely wet yet, clock ticking

down in the back of her head making her low grade anxious. It's probably for the best that he's starting off slow. Not to mention slow makes it easier for him to multitask. Apart from trying to stoke her fires, Jonathan's also watching them intently, like they're the next Star Wars film, something impossible to miss.

Jonathan doesn't finger her for long though. After a minute or two he moves his hand off of her pussy and before she can ask what's going on, did he change his mind about wanting this, Steve pushes two fingers into her. So this is what they meant by turns, not having sex two times in a row.

Jonathan must be feeling left out because the next thing she knows, he and Steve are kissing about an inch over her face. She can see how rough and chapped Jonathan's lips are, and wonders what Steve thinks about that. Maybe he's felt the difference of red waxed lips and strawberry sticky lipgloss, but dry and cracked must be new to him. It's nearly new to Nancy, for that matter. Not counting five minutes ago, it's been a long time since Nancy's gotten to feel that herself. The only time she and Jonathan ever touched intimately was in the reporter's bunker.

Oddly enough, disappointment is her first reaction when the two of them stop. Not happiness that she's back to the centre of attention, or relief that they're not completely queer, but disappointment that something so fresh and explorative is ending. Jonathan levers himself off the bed, and Nancy gets scared for a second. What if he's starting to freak out, overwhelmed by too many weird things at once? Her fear is unfounded though, he only grabs some lotion from the cabinet in front of the window. It's not exactly high quality lubrication, but at least it's unscented.

Back on the bed Jonathan takes over again, this time upping the ante to three fingers. It's harder not to squirm now. Usually when she and Steve have sex Nancy's on top so she can move around more. She's not much of a noise maker, not compared to the few porno videos she's seen. All her arousal comes out in writhing and arching and twisting. When Jonathan scissors his fingers apart, Nancy's feet flex to en pointe as her pussy clenches to feel the stretch more. This is the most she's ever been allowed to have. It's such a fucking turn on, knowing it's only going to get bigger from here.

When Steve pushes four fingers inside of her, Nancy starts really moving in earnest on the bed. She's yanking on the fabric underneath her, heaps of felted wool and fuzzy flannel and threadbare cotton. She didn't see Steve pop open the lid of the lotion, but his fingers are cold and wetter than Jonathan's were. Steve rocks his hand in and out, and Jonathan's running his fingertips all over her belly and chest, leaving goosebumps in the wake of his touch, and Nancy tosses her head from side to side because it's so much, sex is always so much, and she just wants more.

Switching out again, Jonathan changes positions. Rather than doing it from side, he stands up. He sits half twisted off the side of the bed, one knee bent with a foot on the carpet, one cross-legged. He grabs her by the knees and pulls her down the mattress to him. Nancy goes with the movement, blankets bunching under her as she gets pulled. Jonathan splays her legs so one's flat on the bed, tucked against his butt, and the other one's over his lap. He cups her mound with one of his hands, and Nancy's pretty sure she's wet enough to have dripped down her legs, he must be feeling it now.

"Are you sure you want this?"

It's true that once she has a hand up her vagina she'll never not be that girl. That said, the need for labeling will only be about six more hours. And maybe Steve's four should have been enough. It's more than she's ever had before. But Nancy wants to be a wild adventurous slut, and that means she damn well is going to get fisted.

"Yes, I want it."

The bed jostles for a minute as Steve gets off of it. The same fear as before rises, that Steve's suddenly decided this is too much. Once again it gets beaten down by the simple facts: a) Steve and Jonathan both love her b) all teenage boys are obsessed with sex. The furthest he goes is to sit bare-assed on the carpet between the record cabinet and the bed. The plush turquoise velvet might feel a little weird on his sensitive skin, but it has the benefit of putting him basically at eye level with her pussy.

It's Steve who presents Jonathan with the bottle of lotion. It's weird, how almost reverently he does it. Like it's a ceremony, like it's a

wedding ring on a silk pillow, not a sex aid. That sort of awe directed at her makes Nancy blush in a way that the actual sex thus far hasn't.

Jonathan coats his whole hand in the white cream. Not the thin layer someone who was moisturising would, but an actual thick sheet of it. He starts with two fingers and quickly works until he's got his own chance at four fingers. His thumb grazes the stretched rim of her cunt hole before presumably settling into the middle of his palm. She can't see it, not like Steve, who is transfixed. And then he just...keeps...going.

Nancy feels like her heart might stop. It hurts being stretched so far. It makes her feel like a slut in a good way, claiming her own body in a way most girls are afraid of. It makes her feel like a slut in a bad way, shame for being so weird. It makes her feel proud that she can handle so much. It's so fucking arousing that she's sure she's going to come any second now. There are too many feelings, she's going to die from all the conflicting feelings.

Jonathan gets past the widest part of his knuckles to the tapered part of his palm. It's an easier slide then, as much as action like this can be *easy*. She's panting, she thinks, but isn't sure. Her ears are ringing from how hard every muscle is clenching. Jonathan takes it slow, letting her body adjust before starting anything. It's hard to focus on relaxing when she has a hand completely stuffed in her.

After a few minutes, he must deem it okay. Jonathan starts to thrust his hand, tiny increments that feel like miles. Nancy bites the insides of her cheeks and starts thrashing her head from side to side as Jonathan rocks back and forth. It feels like every inch of skin on her body is moving back and forth, caught on his knuckles, instead of just her huge fuckin' cunt. It's the craziest, hottest thing she's ever experienced. Why the hell has she waited for this?

She's not the only one enjoying it either. Not that she'd probably care if she was, this is too good to let someone else's boredom allow him to stop. You're allowed to be selfish during sex. But she's not, not right now. When her head snaps to the right for the few moments she can keep it still before gasping and twisting left, she can see Steve. Steve's got one hand in his own hair, tugging it harshly. Nancy's seen that before, more than once. She doesn't need to look further down to

know that he's jerking off, Steve always wants his hair pulled when he's horny. She absolutely does look down, though. She likes the way Steve looks with his cock in hand. He always looks so desperate, a cool king of school broken down into pure shuddering want. It's why she's rarely jealous, when they're off-again, and he's hooking up with other girls. Nancy likes the thought of other people seeing him this wanton.

Jonathan's definitely into it too. He's more subtle about it. He's not jerking off, the hand that isn't deep inside her is braced on her inner thigh, so even as she twists and kicks he keeps his access. He's erect though, and he's staring at her in a way that she knows he's wishing for a camera right now. He wants to capture this moment, and take a hundred pictures of it so he can note every minute change of expression and position. Steve is macro, Jonathan is micro. It's just the way it is.

His hand rocks back and forth and Nancy can feel her climax building. It's hard to keep her eyes open now, and her hair is getting into her mouth as her head constantly moves. Then Jonathan does it. She's not sure what it is, just knuckles pressing an area they hadn't made it to before, nothing that should be particularly special, but it's madness, a feeling like the heat of the sun condensed into one fingertip. Nancy shrieks and arches like she's in *The Exorcist* and the most insane thing happens. Liquid just squirts out of her. It's like a high pressure hose. It gets all over Jonathan's arm, even his chest.

"What the fuck?"

She pants until she can breathe enough to talk. "That wasn't pee. I don't think I peed on you."

Jonathan leans over to smell his arm. "It doesn't smell like pee."

Steve chimes in from the floor, "you just came like boys do, or something. That's crazy."

"That was the best thing that's ever happened in my life." Her heart might beat out of her body. She might be permanently cross-eyed. Jesus christ.

Jonathan gives her time to settle, clearly sensing she's on the verge of being overwhelmed. It's only when her hands are unballed from the wrecked sheets that he slowly pulls his hand out. Nancy kind of wants to cry. Not because it hurts, but because she's not ready to be done yet. This feels too empty, too alone.

Steve looks at Jonathan, looks at her, then back at Jonathan. Steve jumps to his knees and kneewalks over to them, hard cock bouncing with each movement. Nancy's completely turned on but not all that surprised when Steve grabs Jonathan's arm and starts licking his fingers. Steve is really into oral sex, he always says she tastes like candy. Maybe he'll eat her out next, soothe some of the ache of being empty by putting a tongue up her pussy.

Or maybe she can get something better. "Do you still want to take turns?"

"Do you mean—" Steve answers his own question. "Fuck yes."

It takes a minute to get set up for round two. Jonathan helps her stand up, like the gentleman he is. They stand together, his arm curled around her to keep some degree of warmth and comfort going, while Steve does his best to hurriedly fix the layers of blankets. It makes her laugh out loud to see him tidying while his dick bobs, while her pussy throbs, that she and Jonathan are just waiting with tapping toes like they're their parents during summer vacation trying to get into a hotel room while the maid is busy. That Jonathan and Steve both join her in the chuckle proves what she's always fought about with Mom; that sex doesn't have to be a serious affair you regret afterwards.

Once the bed is as good as it's going to get, she climbs back on. All the way on, until her head is resting on the lumpy pillows. Jonathan rests to her left, and he immediately starts playing with her left breast. She doesn't have very sensitive nipples, but she appreciates the effort. Meanwhile Steve's crawling onto the bed and inevitably ends up between her spread legs. It's a very different tableau than before. Steve's on his knees and one elbow, other arm much too occupied to brace his weight.

Nancy's not spring elastic, she hasn't tightened in the minute

Jonathan's been out of her. Steve's fingers go in quarter inch by quarter inch until he's tucking in his thumb and letting his whole hand be engulfed. Whereas before it was a slower build, now it's like a rocket blasting off; low grade arousal to ten thousand leagues in as long as it takes for his hand to squish in. Nancy can't help the way she's kicking her legs, hopes Steve forgives any ungentle act she commits upon his shoulders or collarbones. It's just so hot she wants to die.

He really doesn't seem to put off though. Steve is staring at where his hand disappears into her cunt. "Holy fucking shit."

"Yeah," Nancy pants. This really is amazing, and she's glad she's not the only one in awe.

Rather than get a rhythm going, Steve does something Jonathan didn't do. He starts slowly and carefully curling his fingers. Nancy's easily hyperventilating now. Steve is literally fistng her. She could have explained away -if she had any girlfriends left to bedroom chat with- Jonathan as an intense fingering session, but Steve's actual fist is up her pussy. It does something to her mind, knowing that. It's hard to explain, she doesn't know if she could manage words if either boy asked, but it's like she starts floating. Almost her whole body is floating, she's only tethered to this planet by the mooring in her cunt.

Steve squeezes his hand tight, and releases, again and again. Nancy had no idea her pussy could have it's own independant heartbeat, but she's definitely throbbing to the tempo Steve is setting. Jonathan tries to stroke her hair off her sweaty forehead and ends up nearly poking her in the eye. She doesn't blame him. They only had sex once, how could he know she can't stop moving at a time like this? Steve, on the other hand, knows her body. He uses his core strength to stay semi-upright without a hand to balance himself, and puts his newly free hand to work. It's the first time tonight her clit's been touched, and she all but headbutts Jonathan at the additional sensation. God. God, how? She's only human, how is she supposed to get through this?

Part of it is the dichotomy. Steve knows to go hard on her clit, hard and as fast as he can. So there's that, and then a few fragile layers of skin deeper his fist is pulsing as slow as the earth revolves. Part of it is she's already on a hair trigger. Part of it is how Steve and Jonathan

are both so focused on her, making her feel like some kind of slutty sex goddess. Whatever the percentages end up being, some combination of it all makes her come a second time, eyes scrunched closed and heels digging into Jonathan's bed, knee almost catching Steve in the chin.

Steve pulls his hand out of her. It should probably be embarrassing how it slides out like a slippery fish, but Nancy's not in a place of feeling shame right now. Too busy trying to catch her breath before she goes so lightheaded she loses her vision to sparkles.

It's harder to readjust than she might have guessed. Usually she's pretty good at composing herself post-sex, in case adults or younger siblings come home unexpectedly. This time Nancy's legs are quivering, and she knows she couldn't get dressed if she was getting paid for it. Not to mention how her pussy feels. After all this it feels weird to not have something stretching her. It feels like she's gaping open for anyone to see all the way inside her.

"You guys should fuck," Nancy says, maybe a little too bluntly. It's weird, she kind of feels like she's drunk now. Sex has never done this to her before. "You're both really good at having sex." She never would have guessed that Jonathan was a virgin when they fucked.

Apparently just the idea is enough to get them riled. The next thing she knows Steve is leaping up the bed to land on top of Jonathan. Nancy rolls onto her side for a better view, careful to keep her legs apart so there's less pressure on her still pulsing pussy. They're really manhandling each other, slamming their dicks together as they frantically make out. For all that Nancy felt the centre of attention at the time, Jonathan must have looked over at Steve at least a few times, because he's picked up enough to have both hands in Steve's hair, yanking just the way the brunet needs. If Nancy wasn't so exhausted she'd start playing with herself. This is good material. She would have killed to have this vision in the night of all the days she refused to acknowledge the three-way feelings.

When Jonathan comes Steve does the strangest thing. He reaches down and swipes at the pile of jizz and licks it off his hand. Nancy, as a semi-frequent giver of blowjobs, doesn't understand the appeal, but Steve seems into it. Funny that Steve likes all kinds of come. Maybe

he's a slut too. At this point Nancy's not going to throw stones at glass kink houses.

Steve finishes just after tasting Jonathan's remnants. Nancy does her best to shift to the very edge of the mattress to give them both room to lay beside her, so they can drift in their happy afterglows too. When she and Jonathan had their night together, he spent almost an hour holding her afterwards. She wouldn't be surprised at all if he rolls to one side or the other, to spoon one of them.

It's a bit of a shock to hear a car coming up the driveway, and a door opening. Normally Nancy would be racing to get dressed, forgoing underwear and a bra if she had to, to be properly attired to an adult eye. Not tonight. Nancy doesn't even sit up. She just can't bring herself to care. It's interesting to note that Steve's not scrambling either.

"Jonathan, are you home?" Her voice sounds like it's right at the front door, like she doesn't want to intrude. Ms Byers is infinitely more respectful than Nancy's own parents. She maintains a grudge to this day about being interrogated after her first time.

"Still here, ma," he calls out.

"Well, uh, okay. Will and Mike went with Hopper and Eleven. I think I'll head back over there. Call me before... Well, call me, alright?"

"Okay." Jonathan calls back.

He's right. They're all still here. It took a lot to get them here, but now Nancy's not leaving for anything. She extends an arm over Jonathan to hold Steve's hand, tucks her face into Jonathan's shoulder, and anchors herself. She'll be with them until the last moment she can.

Author's Note:

I didn't tag for Crueltide because nothing bad happens on screen. There are a few mentions of an oncoming apocalypse, but this story has an ambiguous ending. It's totally possible to imagine a

last minute win for the good guys, if that's what you want.